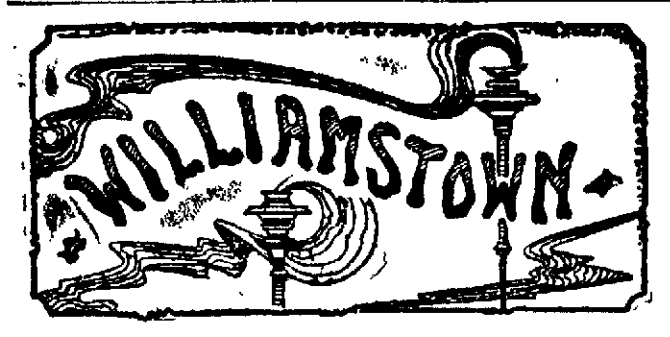


**Housefurnisher and Undertaker, 22 to 30 Eagle St.**



# WILLIAMSTOWN

**The Russell-Goodell Wedding—A Great Season For Cows—Songs of Williams—A Trained Horse.**

**RUSSELL-GODELL WEDDING.**  
A very pretty wedding took place in the White chapel at high noon today, when Daniel N. Russell and Miss Mary P. Goodell were united in marriage by Rev. W. R. Stocking, assisted by Rev. G. V. Striker. The church was handsomely trimmed with ferns, flowers and autumn foliage, the decorations being the work of the Sunday school classes of which the bride and groom are members. A beautiful arch was a conspicuous feature of the decorations. The bridesmaid was Miss Minnie Hunter and the best man was John W. Locke. The bride wore a dress of cream-colored tulle trimmed with cream-colored lace, ribbon and silk, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid's gown was pink with white overalls and she carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The wedding march was played on the organ by Miss Josie Montgomery. The wedding was attended by a large number of people. Following the ceremony a reception to the relatives and friends was held at the home of the bride's father, Stephen Goodell, where congratulations were extended to the couple and refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Russell left town for a week's wedding trip to Rockville, Conn., and upon their return they will make their home for the present with the bride's parents. Mr. Russell is a trusted employe of the plumbing and steam heating firm of Locke Bros. and is known and respected as a steady, industrious and capable man of high character. His bride is an attractive and estimable young woman who is highly esteemed by all who know her. The young couple have the best wishes of a large number of friends. They received many beautiful and useful wedding presents.

**A TRAINED HORSE.**  
George W. Smith of Charlestown has a horse which has been trained to do many things besides ordinary service. He will answer questions by shaking his head like a nod, nodding his head like a yes, and will raise any foot his owner tells him to. While exhibiting the horse to a few friends Monday afternoon Mr. Smith told him to turn around and the horse backed and cranked the wagon and turned around as well as if he had been guided by the reins. There are various other things he will do equally well and as he is a kind and safe animal for family use Mr. Smith values him highly.

**GREAT SEASON FOR COONS.**  
J. A. Cheever, two students and a man from Johnsonville, N. Y., went to South Williamstown coon hunting a few nights ago and captured two big ones. One of the coons weighed 28 pounds. The animals were fierce fighters and the hunters and their dogs had an exciting time in getting them. It is a great season for coons. Met Towne went out one night recently and captured six.

**SONGS OF WILLIAMS.**  
This is the title of the new college song book which went on sale today. It is a book of 140 pages containing 36 songs, words and music, and is handsomely bound in purple cloth with gold lettering. It was compiled by Charles T. Whelan, '99, Henry C. Taylor, '99, and Gardner C. Leonard, '97. The book contains old and new college songs and will doubtless meet with a ready sale at the moderate price of \$1.50.

**CHARITYVILLE PEOPLE WILL BE PLEASED.**  
To know that the prudential committee has decided to locate two street lamps in that part of the village. One will stand near the north line of Starkweather's place and the other near the north line of Charles Humphrey's place. These have been particularly dark points and the lights will be an appreciated public benefit.

**RASPBERRY STORIES ARE BECOMING PRETTY COMMON.**  
It will be of interest to many to know that Wallace Van Horn has picked 51 quarts this fall. This is undoubtedly the largest quantity picked by any one person. Harry Potter picked five quarts one day and L. W. Burdick has a record of over 10 to 15 quarts. The October raspberry crop is something remarkable this year.

**THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN THIS TOWN.**  
The football season in this town will be opened on Weston Field Wednesday afternoon with a game by Union and Williams.

**COACHES HAZEN AND HINE SPENT SUNDAY IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hunt drove to Lenox and spent Saturday and Sunday with friends.

**J. W. BULLOCK AND FAMILY HAVE LEFT THEIR COTTAGE AND ARE AT THE GREYLOCK FOR A FEW DAYS.**  
They expect soon to return to Cincinnati.

**AT A MEETING OF THE MARK HOPKINS CLUB Monday evening Frank Pratt, the president, tendered his resignation. Mr. Pratt is a clerk in the post-office, where his duties sometimes in-**

**INTERFERES WITH HIS WORK AS PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB, AND FOR THIS REASON HE CONSIDERS IT ADVISABLE TO RESIGN.**  
Letters are advertised at the post-office for Miss Frances L. Foster, Louise W. Bancroft, A. D. Gordon, Mrs. Ellen Harrington, W. H. Hall, D. Burdette Lewis, Peter Laxoy, Mrs. Maria Miles, Mrs. Patterson, Charles G. Shepard, W. F. Wood and Miss F. Vanderlin.

**IRENE, INFANT DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. MANES ARBUTT OF THE FACTORY GROUND, DIED SATURDAY AND WAS BURIED Sunday afternoon.**  
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Houghton have returned from South Ashburnham and will live this winter at the home of Mr. Houghton's father, J. B. Houghton. The young man was obliged to resign as station agent of the Fitchburg road at South Ashburnham on account of his health, the position being one that involved considerable exposure to the weather, and has taken a position in McMillin's box shop in North Adams. Mr. Houghton's health is much better than it was and his many friends hope that it may soon be fully restored.

**QUITE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE DROVE TO HOSKICK JUNCTION Sunday to see the results of the great freethen, one party of eight going with one of Liverman West's teams. They report the sight well worth going to see and say that it baffles description.**  
F. H. Stanton, who has recently been appointed sealer of weights and measures, has been very busy lately with his official duties. His work is nearly completed for this town, but the milkmen's measures are yet to be tested. Considerable milk is sold in bottles and Mr. Stanton thinks these will have to be tested to see if they hold full measure.

**N. WHITE OF BOSTON IS VISITING HIS BROTHER, DELOR WHITE.**  
Freight business on the Fitchburg railroad which was badly blocked for several days by the washouts of last week, is now rushing, the tracks in the flooded section being open to traffic again. All the engines and men are hard at work and freight is moving with a rush night and day.

**A NORTH ADAMS TEAM RAN AWAY ON THE POWNALL ROAD Sunday night and was stopped near the station in this town after running a considerable distance. One collision occurred, but no great damage was done.**

**LOST.**  
Between South Williamstown and Buxton a camera. Reward for return to H. L. Lewis, Hancock, Mass.

**TO RENT.**  
Tenement on Water street. Frank Foster.

**THE EASY FOOD.**  
Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest.  
**Quaker Oats**  
At all grocers in 2-lb. pkgs. only

**DR. C. T. KINSMAN, Dentist.**  
Noyes block, Spring street, Williamstown.

**DR. CHARLES D. TEFPT, Dentist.**  
Water, corner Main Street, William town, Mass.



**A Ton of Comfort**  
Goes with every ton of coal which leaves our yard. Our

**Pittston Coal**  
Is free from stone or slate and is economical.

**Frederick Mather, Agt**  
Office in D. W. Noyes' store, Spring Street, Williamstown.

**MILLINERY OPENING.**  
Ladies, you are cordially invited to inspect our display of Trimmed Hats and Novelties. We are constantly receiving the latest goods from New York, hence we have an opening every day in the week.

**Prices the very lowest considering quality of work and material.**

**WELLS' Millinery Store, Moore's Block, Orr. Main and Water Streets, Williamstown, Mass.**

**F. X. LeBRUN, Stylish Custom Tailoring.**

**Call and see my new line of samples of Suitings, Overcoatings and Trimmings suit received.**

**Suits made to order from \$15 to \$20.**  
First-class in every respect, and satisfaction as to style, fit and quality guaranteed.

**Suits made up from gentlemen's own cloth, fit and trimming guaranteed, for from \$11 to \$15.**

**Call and see me, look over my samples and get my prices. I can save you money, as my expenses as to rent, etc., are light, and I give my customers the benefit.**

**Repairing promptly and reasonably attended to.**

**GOLE AVENUE, Opposite Town Clerk's Office, WILLIAMSTOWN.**

**Interferes with his work as president of the club, and for this reason he considers it advisable to resign.**

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**Your Ten O'clock Appetite**

should not be neglected. Whether it's ten o'clock in the morning or ten o'clock at night, a lunch of

**FAVORITE Milk Biscuit**  
will still the craving without destroying your appetite for the coming meal—without deranging your rest for the night.

**"Favorite Milk Biscuits are highly nutritious, yet so light and flaky that they can be digested without effort. Ask the dealer for them. Made only by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY."**

**PRUNE JUICE IN WHISKY.**  
It Makes New Liquor Taste as if It Had Been Mellowed by Age.

If one looks over the advertisements in the newspapers devoted to the interests of the liquor trade, his curiosity is likely to be aroused by seeing many advertisements of prune juice for sale. As prune juice is not among the things which the barroom offers to its patrons, the person of inquiring mind is naturally led to wonder why it is advertised and what part it plays in the preparation of alcoholic beverages.

An explanation of the use of prune juice was recently printed in The Liquor Trades Journal. It says:

"The object of using prune juice in blending whiskeys is to remove the unpleasant smell which is characteristic of new liquors, to take off what may be termed the rough edge and to produce by artificial means the ripe, mellow flavor which otherwise comes only with age. It is an undesirable fact that a good prune juice will transform a rough, new whiskey into a smooth, palatable liquor, while it would puzzle even an expert to decide that its mellowness had not been acquired by age."

"Naturally any material which produces such results is a valuable aid to blenders, and consequently there is a vast quantity of it used annually, though there are many who prefer to use mullaga, sherry, peach extract or some other compound, but one feels safe in saying that the users of prune juice are in a majority."

"There are several New York firms engaged in the manufacture of prune juice, while others import it from Europe. The bulk of all the better brands of prune juice is a light fermented wine, to which are added certain proportions of sugar syrup and prune extract, with sufficient high proof spirits to bring the mixture up to the desired alcoholic strength and coloring matter to give it the proper shade. Some manufacturers also use certain chemicals, regarding the properties and effects of which they maintain a profound secrecy, each claiming for the article which they produce a superiority over all others."

"However, the object of all is the same—to supply a blending wine which will, with the least possible reduction in the proof, give to new whiskeys the bouquet of aged goods."

**Breathing and Malaria.**  
The importance of guarding against aerial transmission of malaria is shown by the personal observations of Dr. Maurer. In Africa he had spent nights tramping in the marshes without suffering the least inconvenience, while his assistants suffered from chills, malarial fever, and did not seem to be able, literally speaking, to keep their mouths shut. He absolutely refrained from talking, so as to allow none of the malarial air to reach his lungs through the mouth, the nasal passages, as is well known, acting as a sterilizing apparatus through the destructive action of the nasal secretions upon atmospheric organisms.—Exchange.

**TO CURE A BOLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

**TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired early. Try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES**  
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy, gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching, nervous feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**MANY PEOPLE CANNOT DRINK**  
Coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of coffee. 15c and 25c.

**SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail, for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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## FUNERALS IN LISBON.

**THE POOR RENT COFFINS FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE.**  
After the Body is Taken Out and Consigned to the Earth the Empty Box is Returned to its Owner to Be Used Over and Over Again.

"The burial customs of the Spanish as seen in Cuba are in some respects much like those of Portugal," said a former resident of Portugal. "The poor there, like the poor in Spain, economize on funeral expenses by making one coffin serve for a number of funerals in succession. In Lisbon at least the coffin is usually a very substantial piece of work covered with red leather and studded with brass nails. It is attached with hinges, so that the coffin opens and shuts like a large trunk. Of course the selling price of an article like this would be beyond the means of any poor family, but the rent for one day is comparatively small."

"When a funeral procession reaches the grave in the great Prazeras cemetery, just outside of Lisbon, the undertaker's men, instead of taking the coffin, open the lid, take out the corpse and lower it into its last resting place. The empty coffin is left there until a Gallego takes it back to its owner after the mourners have retired."

"These Gallegos, by the way, natives of Galicia in Spain, do all the work of porters in Lisbon. If you ask a native Portuguese servant to carry a parcel or a valise through the streets, he will answer you in a tone of offended dignity, 'You should ask a Gallego' (I will go and call a Gallego), for no native Portuguese would be seen carrying a load of any kind in public."

"These Gallegos have no objection to carrying a load, even when the load is a recently vacated coffin. That is the kind of work they come to Lisbon for, so that in their old age they may go across the frontier to Galicia and live on their savings. And I must include that the Gallegos, when I was in Lisbon, showed how little impression superstitions regarding death make on the Gallego mind. The city of Lisbon collected toll on goods brought within its limits, and there were guards at the different gates of the city to see that nothing was smuggled in."

"One very rainy afternoon the guard at the Prazeras gate glanced along the road that leads to the cemetery and saw a suspicious looking package lying on the ground close under the wall on one side. There was not a living being in sight. The guard thought he had detected a plot. He thought that that package, whatever it might be, had been left there under the wall by smugglers, who were no doubt sheltered somewhere in its neighborhood and watching their opportunity to rush in through the gate as soon as the guard had turned his back. He called to an intelligent officer got his rifle ready to draw at a moment's notice, and, regardless of the downpour, advanced along the road to surprise and apprehend the smugglers, or, at least, their goods."

"When I got to within 20 yards of the suspicious object, he made out through the rain that the case of the ground was of a red color and studded all over with brass nails. That discovery startled him a little, but the next moment he was utterly demoralized at seeing the lid of the coffin fly open and a disheveled head thrust itself out, its eyes staring wildly. Without waiting to draw his sword or challenge the apparition, the guard faced about and retreated at a run. When he reached the gate, he called his comrades to come and see the abandoned corpse that had burst up its coffin, and the three men who followed him, armed with their rifles and bayonets, entered the cemetery and searched for the smugglers, but they were nowhere to be seen."

"On examination the Gallego deposed that, being overtaken by the rain on his way from the cemetery, he had shut himself up in the coffin to keep dry and wait for fair weather, but when he heard footsteps stealthily approaching, he began to be afraid that some one was coming to play a trick and look him up. That was why he had so suddenly thrust his head out and stared. He was no corpse, but an honest, hardworking Gallego. As for the coffin, the smugglers guards might look for themselves and see that it was empty. The coffin seems to be a very common fondness for what might be called playing with the dead in Portugal. They seem to take a peculiar delight in dressing up their dead and exposing them to public view. I happened to be present at the solemn requiem of a cardinal patriarch of Lisbon, when the corpse, dressed in full canonicals, was placed in a half sitting posture to face the crowd in the nave of the cathedral, and I thought at the time that the instrument ought to have taken place sooner."

"One fine Sunday afternoon in spring I was strolling along one of the main thoroughfares of Lisbon when the shouts and merry chatter of a lot of little boys and girls attracted my attention to a side street. The children, all nicely dressed, were coming down the side street at a brisk walk, evidently interested in something that was being carried along by three or four of them. When they reached the corner, I saw that the center of interest was a very small brass studded coffin. The lid was open, and I could see the little flower decked and bedizened corpse inside of it."

"Another time I mistook the corpse of a child on its way to the graves for a woman of the age of the Lisbon being carried in procession. It was a little dead girl beautifully dressed in white satin and wearing a white veil and white flowers. The little body had been made to sit up in a chair which four boys were carrying on their shoulders. The bearers and the other children in the procession wore white ribbons and white flowers, all emblematic of innocence and happy confidence that the soul of their little friend was in paradise."

**Australian Bull.**  
I have met with some bulls made by Australians. I heard a clergyman make this remark at a public meeting which was disappointingly small: 'I am sorry to see so many absent friends here.' A state school teacher at Queenscliff, in Victoria, had a note from the mother of one of his pupils requesting him not to say her boy, 'You are not to come any more, or I will drop down dead at your door, the same as he did at Mrs. Carey's.' Another, being told that So-and-so was buried in a stone coffin, said 'that was very sensible, as it would last him a lifetime.'—London Telegraph.

**In London the preferred dress for a parlor maid is a cap with long streamers, a large apron, with a broad white cuff and turn-down collar. The streamers on the cap are only a matter of taste, but most people prefer them.**

**Hor Way.**  
"There's a young woman who makes little things count."  
"How does she do it?"  
"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."—Boston Globe.

**The latest cure for a rattlesnake bite is coal oil. When bitten upon the hand, place it in a vessel filled with oil, and the poison will come out and rise to the surface of the liquid.**

**According to the best authorities, there has never been a race of men that was ignorant of the use of fire.**



## SYRUP OF FIGS

**NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.**  
THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

## AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

**Wilson Opera House.**  
ONE NIGHT ONLY  
THURSDAY, OCT. 13.  
**HAWLEY'S AMERICAN EUROPEAN MINSTRELS.**

16 Comedians 16  
8 Vocalists 8  
16 Musicians 16  
40 Count 'em 40

**NICHOLS SISTERS.**  
Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00.  
Sale of seats opens at Wilson House drug store Tuesday at 9 a. m.

## ..SPECIAL..

**Columbia Theatre.**  
ONE NIGHT,  
THURSDAY, OCT. 13.  
The Greatest of all  
**COMIC OPERAS**  
From Augustin Daly's  
Theatres, New York  
and London.

**"The Geisha"**  
Two Solid Years in London.  
300 Nights in New York City.  
Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.  
Sale of seats opens at Bartlett & Drug store, Monday, October 10, at 9 a. m.

**Wm. H. Bennett, Fire Insurance Agency—**

**ADAMS NAT. BANK BLDG. NORTH ADAMS, MASS.**  
AGENT FOR  
Queens Ins. Co. of America of New York  
Connecticut Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford  
Manchester Fire Ass. Co. of England  
Northwestern Nat. Ins. Co. of Milwaukee  
Prussian Nat. Ins. Co. of Germany

**SAFE SURE SPEEDY**  
**MME. LE CLAIR'S FAMOUS FRENCH REMEDY Never Fails.**  
ENDORSED BY THOUSANDS  
Offices as a periodical regulator without an equal, successful when Cotten Root, Pennyroyal, Ergot, etc., have been worthless. It is a two-cent remedy, brings trial package, and convinces the most skeptical of their wonderful properties. Send 4c. in stamps for pamphlet, containing valuable information for ladies. Address: LECLAIR PILLS CO., U. S. Agents, Boston, Mass. N. B.—All correspondence confidential and returned with trial package.

**For Sale by JOHN H. C. PRATT, 30 Main Street.**

**Mrs Sarah Mabbett, DRESSMAKER, 66 Bracewell Avenue.**

**To Rent.**  
If you are thinking of moving or hiring a room, be sure and inquire at our office and inspect the six and eight-room tenements, four and six-room flats and eight-room cottages, which we now have to rent.

**All complete, with modern improvements; are new or in first-class repair; centrally located.**

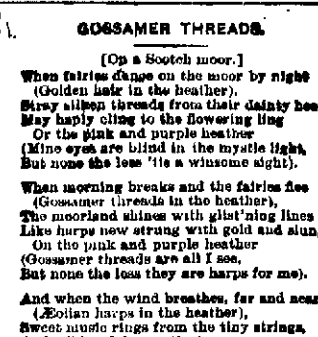
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**For Sale by JOHN H. C. PRATT, 30 Main Street.**



## GOSSAMER THREADS.

**(On a Scotch moor.)**  
When fairies dance on the moor by night (Golden hair in the heather),  
Many silken threads from their dainty heads May haply cling to the flowing ring  
Of the plaid and purple heather (Like the eyes are blind in the mystic light, But none the less 'tis a winsome sight).

When morning breaks and the fairies flee (Gossamer threads in the heather),  
The moorland shines with glist'ning lines Like hurra new strings with gold and slung  
On the plaid and purple heather (Gossamer threads are all I see, But none the less they are harp for me).

And when the wind breathes, far and near (Aolian harp in the heather),  
Sweet music rings from the tiny strings, And wild and free is the harmony  
Through the plaid and purple heather (Never a note may reach my ear, But none the less it is sweet to hear).

**IT SAVED HIS LIFE.**  
A Hymn That Made the War Scouts Lower Their Muskets.

The Presbyterian prints a war anecdote of an unconventional sort. Different readers will read more or less into it, according to their different habits of mind, but all will find it interesting.

Some Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked round, and although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So, when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the civil war. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first man.

"Yes," replied the second man, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy were supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing these lines:

"All my trust on thee is laid,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story: I was a Union soldier and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang:

"Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."  
I said, 'Hark, lower your rifles; we will go home.'"

**SENSIBLE SMOKING RULES.**  
Read Them, Ye Burners of the Cigarette, and Take Warning.

Generalized Dr. Scholer publishes in the Centralblatt zur Gesundheitspflege a collection of "Hints to Smokers," which are founded, as the doctor states, upon his professional observations for many years of mouth, teeth, stomach, lungs, heart and skin of the devotees of tobacco.

The first and foremost rule is never to smoke before breakfast, nor as a rule, when the stomach is empty. This custom is the worst possible for digestion. Never smoke during any exertion of great physical energy, as darning, running, cycling, mountain climbing or rowing, and especially if in a contest. Never follow "the bad custom of the French and the Russians" by allowing the smoke to pass through the nose. Never inhale it through the nose.

Keep the smoke as far as possible from the eyes and nose. The longer the pipe the better. The use of a short pipe during work is to be avoided. A pipe is the most wholesome form of smoking, a cigar next, a cigarette the worst. Always throw away your cigar when you have smoked four-fifths of it. The last end of it is the most harmful, in a venereal, the poison lurks in the tail.





Estimates on work cheerfully given.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE













# THE WORLD OF WOMAN

## Bab Reflects On the Serious Phases of Life.

[Copyright, 1908.]  
Just now the world is full and reeking over with tragedy. Here a great empress is killed; in another place an unknown boy falls by the colors that he was so proud to protect; then way off in some lonely corner a bitter, cynical man bids good-bye to the world, for he has found nothing sweet in it, while among a party of gay companions a handsome woman surprises them all by the shot of a pistol because there have been too much life, too much love and too much so-called happiness in her career.

Did you ever sit down and think out the terrible life of the Hapsburgs? What a doomed family they seem! From the days of Marie Antoinette, who walked so proudly to the guillotine, there seems to have been nothing but unhappiness and sorrow. The fair-haired Marie Antoinette saw her son and heir beaten, starved and ill-treated by a rough father till the tears no longer flowed down her face. She could no longer weep, and when tears are taken from a woman surely her last refuge is gone.

The dark-haired Elizabeth, she also of the house of the Hapsburgs, saw a very young son kill himself simply because the morbid line of heredity was stronger than he could bear. And yet he was only 13 years old! Justly he feared the future. Then a girl of 12 was murdered, a pretty, dainty rosebud to whom even life was denied. Afterward there was that most awful death, the death of the son and heir, the death of the gay and joyous Rudolph, who, seeming like his brother, to look into the future, murdered the woman he loved and then killed himself. This was at the supper table, the gay, festive board where each was drinking the health of the other and from which some one had to carry the news to that lonely mother. She had grown lonely by this time. Gradually her children had been taken from her by the dagger or the pistol, and she wandered over the face of the earth, finding no place to rest. Always the word "murder" seemed to hang, like the sword of Damocles, over her head.

Last year the greedy flames found her beautiful sister, the Duchesse d'Alencon, one who was eager to help the poor, and beautiful in her desire to offer bread to those who lacked it. She was caught by the whirling, pitiless wind of fate that in taking away her sweet breath was even brutal enough in death to render her body unrecognizable.

So they all went, and Mme. la Duchesse, as the empress preferred to be called, since she could hide herself under that name, sought refuge in England and Ireland. She was followed here, there and everywhere by the friends who loved her best and who spoke words of consolation, as well as by those dumb friends that, when she was told that she must no longer ride, since some bitter dastard might take her life from her, would come to her and eat lumps of sugar from the dainty hand that never hurt, but always did good. One who saw it said that there was never a more beautiful picture than that of the empress of Austria, surrounded by her favorite pets, each gently pushing the other in its eagerness to get nearest to her or to gain from her the bit of sugar that she held out and she, like a child, expecting the loving looks as thanks in return.

And now she has gone away. The great cathedral bells toll the masses for the dead, and those to whom she has been a friend raise their hats and honor her by that great silence only given to the dead. Here she lies, magnificent in death, and yet in death she and you and I are all equal. To her, to you and to me there can only be said "Au revoir" because of that certainty that we will meet again.

Think of the going home! Think of the empress, and then think of the soldier boy! There is no great difference. Do you remember going home after a pleasant party? The day over, you reach the time to say a laughing "Good-bye."

Do you remember the time when a pleasant group, after studying the magnificent colors used by the great Master to achieve the wonders of the world, uttered the somewhat awed "Good-bye?" And yet there come into everyday life situations that are quite as wonderful, and they all lead to the going home. Just today there is a young and pretty girl in one of the rough, everyday carrying-home hundreds of boys, some dead, some wounded and some so maimed because they are going home. There is an accident. The whole train is delayed for four hours. A young boy goes through the car begging, not for money, not for whiskey, but for quinine, the health giving bark that will bring strength, as he explains, "to that other mother." When there is an opportunity, my pretty girl takes her quinine, the dusty, wounded soldier boy and finds him gasping, sighing, worn out and almost dead. The quinine is quickly given, and then, with the daintiness of a gentlewoman, a fine handkerchief is dipped in a cup of water, and the soldier's face is freshened up, while his hair is made to look a little more like that of a human being. There they stand, the pretty maiden and the boy, for he is only that, who a few months ago started out to fight for his country. Like you and like me, he had an opinion, and he announced it:

"You see, miss, until I really and truly got to know all about it I didn't

over? I do believe all of us are glad, men, women and children. We cheered the soldiers as they marched out so gayly, but there are not quite so many cheers as each regiment returns. Some of those who have come back tell their little children of the wonders of war and the marvels of the strange country where they have been, but there are those who don't come back to tell of the glory of the war and its story—those who are martyred. Thank God that women do make martyrs of men when they are dead! It's a soft spot in the heart of each woman that makes the man who before his death was merely ordinary. His picture is draped in crape and hangs where the little children will see it, and they will be told how good and how brave their father was. Death was good to that man. He left a woman who idealized him and little children who find in his memory, since they accept that memory as given by their mother, all that is fine and noble and worth following.

Death is a great idealist. He makes beautiful that which lacked beauty and

## Uncle Sam Can Now Boast of a Helen of Troy.

[Copyright, 1908.]  
Perhaps no other woman has ever so charmed the fancy, as well living as dead, as has Helen of Troy. True, no other woman had a Homer to make her forever young and beautiful or to flash so superbly upon the pages of romance a picture of siege and battle and brave struggle after all the despair of defeat and death, all because a woman was false and fair.

America has always been rather at a disadvantage when it came to the romances of this sort, for our history is so new that, while the women are possibly handsome enough and have often been unhappy enough, they are too

She may or may not have been flattered by the admiration which was accorded her beautiful daughter, for Uli, the old sorcerer, was an eleventh century advance guard of the new woman and likely was too busily employed power-wiping with the priestesses of Pele on the slopes of fiery Kilauea and nuzzling around the forests for the queer roots or stones, which she manufactured into charms, or gossiping with the garrulous women in the surf, so that she would have a rich fund of material on which to base her prophecies, to know or care much what was thought of her daughter.

In the meantime Hina ran wild and

Doubtless she retired to her flower and vine covered hut and lectured Hina soundly for flirting with a serious personage like the chief and one whose ex-wife could get them all into so much trouble if she wished. It is quite as likely, too, that Hina, who was ambitious as well as a coquette, tossed her head and, with a calm appreciation of her own charms and talents, assured her mother that she could take care of wife No. 1, there were any trouble. Uli, who was a sorcerer of rare diplomacy, seeing that both the chief and her daughter were very much of one mind, made it her business to have a communication from the gods, which she sent him word that he ought to hear. When he came with a train of attendants, she told him that she had been instructed by the spirits to warn him that in case he married her daughter his bride would be snatched from him by the winds. This warning, she thought, would exonerate her if the fickle Hina proved false.

Hakalanileo was very badly gone, so he said: "I thank the good spirits for their interest in my affairs, but I will take my chance. It would not become a chief to reject a gift because there is hazard in accepting it."

Uli may have sighed over the folly of men, but she said: "Bless you, my children!" feeling that she had done her duty. The wedding took place at once, and Hina, pleased by the novelty of her new position, was so charming and devoted a wife that Hakalanileo quite forgot about the prophecy.

The fame of the beauty of his young wife spread throughout the little group of islands, and travelers who went home carried away wonderful tales of her loveliness. On the island of Molokai, near Hawaii, reigned Kamaeana, a chief of the aristocratic old native line which scorned the new families that had immigrated to Hawaii from Samoa and Tahiti and other more distant islands and were little by little conquering the group of islands for themselves. The eldest son of this king was Kaupapee, a handsome, gay and warlike youth, who, if anything, hated the new more than his father did. He relinquished his claim to the throne in order to devote himself to the task of making never ending war upon the strangers. His father gave him a rocky promontory on the north side of the island of Molokai, and this Kaupapee and his followers fortified until it was well nigh impregnable.

The surf beaten shore at the bottom of the precipitous promontory presented an almost impossible landing place to those who did not know its secrets. Where the narrow neck of land joined the island a high stone wall was built, the entrance to the promontory being by a subterranean door. Here Kaupapee, with 2,000 of the most dashing and reckless warriors of Molokai, lived when not off on warlike expeditions on his great war canoe, the marvel of the islands for its size and strength and from which his warriors hoisted the enemies' villages along the coast.

The promontory of Haupu became famous for its inhabitants' gallantry and wild and daring warfare. It was the boast of these warriors that their wives were the most beautiful women in the islands. There was good ground for the assertion, for whenever one of them heard of a particularly fascinating maiden and chanced to be looking about for a wife, he immediately embarked with one or two boon companions and carried off the damsel, whether she would or no.

Kaupapee was not inclined to tie himself to any of the women he had met. Then he began to hear stories of the beauty of the wife of Hakalanileo, one of the despised new chiefs of Hawaii. Quite out of curiosity he determined to have a look at the beauty. Disguised as a simple traveler, he visited Hawaii and accepted the hospitality of the chief, chucking to himself all the time at the consternation it would arouse if the household knew whom it was harboring. He had an excellent chance to study Hina's fascinations.

Hina and a party of friends one day went out into the surf to bathe. To the consternation of the women, a canoe, carefully hidden among the rocks, purred out upon them almost as they stepped into the water. Kaupapee was in the canoe and in a minute had the screaming Hina in his arms and, turning, made a dash for a large war canoe that lay out at sea, reaching it in safety. Sighting signs of pursuit from the shore, he spread the sails, and thus the wind wafted Hina away from Hakalanileo.

All the way to the fortress of Haupu Hina wept and would not be comforted. Kaupapee discreetly said nothing and ordered the crew to treat her with great respect and consideration. When they reached Haupu, she was carried with a great deal of ceremony into a handsome suite of apartments on one of the terraces of the promontory. It was furnished with a magnificence which was new to her. She recalled that Kaupapee was a king's son and wished that poor Hakalanileo were equally rich and well born and handsome. Hina even began to feel a trifle flattered that this handsome young prince should pay her the compliment of abducting her when doubtless there were many beautiful and noble ladies who would be only too glad to throw themselves into his arms. Hina had two little boys in her pretty home in Hawaii and it was for these she married, perhaps more sincerely than for her elderly and dotting husband.

After partaking of the meal set before her, Hina dispatched a messenger for Kaupapee. "What can I do for you?" asked the prince, bowing low and feeling a little triumphant when he noted that Hina had not shed a single tear since she had landed.

"Set me free, that I may go to my children in Hawaii," said Hina.

"Impossible," replied Kaupapee, with adroit flattery. "Do you think I would

have dared so much merely to set you free? What would be the world's opinion of the man who possessed such a woman as the beautiful Hina, the girl of Hawaii, did not think her worth keeping? Only when the walls of Haupu are battered down and Kaupapee is dead shall you go hence."

This declaration frightened as well as rather charmed the captive. The prince looked so immovable and yet so handsome that Hina did not weep at this answer. They sat down, and Hina accepted principle in death with content, knowing that only the brave deserved the fair.

"You will yet be happy in Haupu," suggested the Hawaiian Paris.

"Alas! Can the caged bird be happy?" replied Hina mournfully. "I am your prisoner."

"Not more than I am yours, and if you but permit me I mean to be a kind father to your fellow prisoners shut out from sunshine. My mates are only a bar against intrusion."

And as the years went on, like Helen of Troy, Hina learned to forget that she was a captive. Meantime the widowed Hakalanileo, unable to learn by whom he had been robbed, visited every one of the Sandwich Islands in search of his lost wife. For 15 years he kept up the hopeless quest. He offered sacrifices in the temples and consulted the oracles in vain. Old Uli said that the spirits had nothing more to say. Having predicted the event, it was now their duty not to thwart it.

After 15 years, when the sons of Hina were well grown to manhood, the rumor reached Hawaii that Hina was a willing prisoner in the fortress of Haupu. Immediately an expedition was fitted out against Kaupapee by the two sons of Hina. They attacked the promontory simultaneously by land and sea. The expedition from the sea was repulsed by an avalanche of rocks which the besieged sent rolling from the heights.

The land expedition, after failing in an attack, determined to try strategy. The Greeks effected an entrance into Troy by means of a wooden horse. The sons of Hina won their way to Haupu by the aid of a wooden tower, which they stealthily moved up to the gate at dark night so that their warriors could climb over and open the gate.

The fight that ensued was a terrible one. Kaupapee and a handful of faithful friends, seeing that all was lost, sought safety in one of the temples. One of the besiegers set fire to the building, and, followed by his devoted band, Kaupapee sallied forth determined to sell his life dearly. A tall chief rushed forward and plunged a spear into Kaupapee's breast. Lifting his own mighty spear to return the blow, the dying man brushed aside the blood that was streaming from a wound in his temple and saw in the face of the young chief a resemblance which he could not mistake. It was Hina's son. Dropping the spear from his arm, Kaupapee said, "Tell her that it was for her sake I spared you," and then fell lifeless upon the ground.

None of Kaupapee's army escaped. Hina was found uninjured and welcomed her sons with joy. She wept over the body of Kaupapee and asked that his body be given to his brother, now king of Molokai, for burial with his ancestors. This her sons agreed to do. As for Hina, the barge that bore her sons from the tragic promontory, also carried her back to Hawaii. Hakalanileo welcomed her home, forgetting all the past, just as Menelaos forgot all his wrongs when again he sawed into the matchless face of Helen of Troy. CAROLINE WETHERELL.

### A Splendid Tribute.

On Friday, Aug. 24, 1885, Queen Victoria, then on a visit to Napoleon III, passed down the Champs Elysees on her way to the Champ de Mars, where a review was to be held in her honor. An English nobleman, running up the Rue Beaugrenon to join the cab waiting for him there, ran against Beranger, then living in the same street. The aged poet seemed in a great hurry, and the Englishman asked him the reason of his haste. "I want to see your queen," replied Beranger. Inasmuch as a couple of years before Beranger had declined an invitation of the Empress Eugenie to go to the Tuilleries, whereupon the empress called upon the poet instead, the English nobleman remarked upon it.

"I was under the impression that you did not trouble yourself much about royalty," he said. "You refused to go to see the empress, and you rush alone to see the queen. How do you account for such inconsistency?"

"No, I am not going to see the queen," was the rejoinder. "I am going to see the woman. If there were many women like Victoria, I'd forgive them being queens."

This is probably the most spontaneous and therefore the most valuable eulogy ever bestowed upon any female sovereign in her own right. It is more valuable from a moral and mental point of view than the praise accorded by Sixtus V to Queen Elizabeth when he called her "un gran cervello de principessa" and regretted that his priestly vows forbade his marrying her, so that she might give birth to a new Alexander the Great.

### Mme. Patti an English Woman.

Mme. Patti has officially been announced as a naturalized British subject. This step has probably been taken in order to clear up doubts as to the great prima donna's nationality. Born in Spain of Italian parents, brought up by an American stepfather in the United States, twice married (each time in England) to French subjects, but for many years resident in Wales, Mme. Patti's nationality is a puzzle which would be the delight of the lawyers.



HELEN GOULD.

The friend of the brave boys in blue. "Her goodness of heart," according to a wounded soldier who has benefited by her interest and ministrations, "is as boundless as her wealth."

## ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. F. Higginson, wife of Captain Higginson, ex-commander of the battery in the Spanish-American war, has a most interesting souvenir of the Spanish-American war. Her husband had presented her with the flag which floated proudly from the masthead of the Massachusetts while the Spanish batteries were firing their fiercest. There are a num-

ber of holes, showing where shells passed through and beyond the glorious ship; but, as usual, the Spaniards aimed too high.

The mother of the late Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham recently celebrated the ninety-second anniversary of her birth in Laneshore, Ind. She was one of the first white children born in

what is now Harrison county, Ind. She was married to Colonel Gresham 75 years ago. Her eldest son was in the Mexican and civil wars and recently died of wounds sustained in the latter war.

Postmaster Gordon of Chicago has appointed 42 women for service in the city postoffice. He selected them from the list of women who had passed the civil service examination for clerkships and placed them on the list of substitutes

for assignment hereafter as the exigencies of the postoffice demand. The Chicago postoffice now has in its employ 113 women clerks. Four of the new clerks are colored women.

It is rumored that Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria will handsomely endow a great charitable institution to be memorialized the name of the late empress.

Countess Talon is the last direct descendant of Americus Vesputi, who gave his name to the American continent. She resides in Florence, Italy. Her husband was a French officer who fought in the Crimea and was mortally wounded there. They were once rich, but the widow has little left except a small pension granted her by Spain in honor of her great ancestor.

Miss Leigh made a remarkable score at the grand national archery meeting at Oxford, England. She made 143 hits out of a possible 146, scoring 325. This

score has never been surpassed by any other woman archer. Miss Leigh has made a record of 868. In the recent meeting the shooting was divided into two days, in which she made 412 the first and 413 the second day.

The New York city council at a recent meeting passed a resolution unanimously thanking Miss Helen Gould for her patriotism in giving \$100,000 to the government with which to purchase a warship and also for her generous work

# Platinum Prints

Are quite "up-to-date" in the line of pictures today. We have just received a large shipment of desirable subjects including the works of the old and modern masters, and famous paintings at the Boston Museum of fine arts and decorations of the Boston Public Library.

If at all interested in Art make yourself at home in our store. Look over our collection regardless of whether you anticipate purchasing or not

AT

## DICKINSON'S

Jeweler, Stationer, Art Dealer.

## The Burlingame & Darbys Co.

What is a good thing to use on my floor? You have probably used Floor Finishes and Varnishes and become disgusted by poor results and gone back to carpets. Carpets collect dirt, germs and other discomforts, but a well finished hardwood floor is a joy to behold.

### Why Not Use "CARMOTE P"

Carmote is not a varnish, although it possesses the brilliancy, lustre and transparency of the best varnish. Made in seven colors. Come in and find out more about it.

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Wrapping Paper,  
Paper Bags,  
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W. H. SPERRY & CO., 79 and 81  
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"Perfectos"

\$70.00 PER 1000 10¢ STRAIGHT.  
C. W. VAN DYKE & HORTON, MANUFACTURERS ALBANY, N.Y.

## EMBROIDERY AND ART ROOMS

MISS LAURA P. GRISWOLD,

Formerly of 20 Summer Street, has leased new and handsome rooms at

No. 4 Union Street, O'Brien Block, Room 2, up one flight.

All Kinds of Art Materials.

Lessons in Embroidery.

## SPECIAL NOTICE COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS UNDER THIS HEADLINE OF 20 WORDS OR LESS FOR 50 CENTS A WEEK, OR THREE DAYS FOR 25 CENTS. NO CHARGE LESS THAN 20 CENTS.

### TO RENT.

Furnished front room, 15 Ashland st. (1101)  
One 5 room tenement, 81, One 7 room tenement  
81, E. 3rd, 82 E. Quincy, 811 E. 17  
Tenement on Spring st. Inquire J. C. Good-  
rich, 14 Chestnut st. (1101)  
Tenement steam heat, 5 Hall street. Inquire  
of H. G. Clark, Brooklyn st. or at 5 Hall st.  
1101 E.

Two pleasant rooms. Inquire at 25 East  
Quincy st., upstairs. (1101)  
Six room tenement \$5 per month. Inquire 85  
West Main street. (1101)  
A good new 6 room tenement, corner Bolbrook  
and Yale street, furnished with heater,  
range, cupboards, etc. Reasonable rent for  
right party. C. E. Windell. (1101)  
Six room tenement \$5 per month. Thomas K.  
Ladd, 98 North Church street. (1101)  
Two tenements on Frederick street, 30 and  
34 Bryant street. (1101)  
Furnished room, steam heat, Flaherty  
block, 81 Center street, upper floor, over tea  
store. (1101)  
Desirable tenement on Vesey street, all mod-  
ern conveniences. Inquire Berkshire Hills  
Sanatorium. (1101)  
A new modern tenement, with steam heat, B.  
H. Holland. (1101)  
Five room tenement, 41 Broadway avenue,  
Peters 20 a month. Inquire at Seydell's  
office, 11 Holden street. (1101)  
Room with board. Call at 64 Center street.  
1101 E.

The building now occupied as a public library  
is to be sold. Either single rooms, apartments  
or the entire building. Apply to W. H.  
Sperry, 79 and 81 Holden street. (1101)  
Four new tenements on Washington avenue.  
All modern improvements. Inquire at office  
of P. J. Ashe. (1101)  
Furnished room to rent at 3 Ashland street.  
1101 E.

Tenement modern improvements. Mrs. F.  
Brown, 122 East Main Street. (1101)  
Nice tenement to rent, 321 E. Vesey street. In-  
quire 12 Bank street, city. (1101)  
Furnished rooms, 16 Morris street. Inquire of  
Mrs. E. Bennett, 2 Adams National Bank  
Building. (1101)  
Four room flat, Holden street, \$10 and \$11.  
Six room tenement, new, Central avenue, \$12.50  
light room, cottage, new, clean, heat and  
electric lights, \$20 and \$25. Hudson street.  
Inquire Ralph M. Dowling's office, 121 Main st.  
New York tenement on Glen avenue. (1101)  
Galt, Boland block. (1101)

A Knights of Columbus gold watch charm on  
Main, Eagle or Holden streets, Sunday p. m.  
The holder will be liberally rewarded by re-  
turning same to Lottia Humble, Co.'s  
store. (1101)  
Parcel on Church street containing sofa pillow  
cover, scissors, thimbles, etc. B. B. S. Tran-  
script office. (1101)

Large Pleasant Rooms,  
Heated with steam, lighted by gas;  
board for the winter at winter prices,  
at the Harrison homestead, 182 W.  
Main street. Cars pass every half  
hour.

## A FAITHLESS SERVANT.

Steals Cesar Cesana's Goods and Gets  
Arrested at Springfield.

The police were notified yesterday morning that the house of Cesar Cesana on Cherry street had been burglarized Sunday. Officer N. J. Walsh went to the house and circum-  
stances indicated that the theft had been committed by one familiar with the house. The officer learned some-  
thing about a servant girl that had been engaged by the family but two days before and was told that she had been in the house Sunday night. Some of her clothing was in the Cesana house and some of Mrs. Cesana's clothing was missing. Besides there were missing a woman's gold watch, a man's ring with a red stone, a child's ring with two stones, a set of gold studs and a snake ring with a tur-  
quoise setting.

Nellie Cummings, alias Lenora E. Sutton, about 19 years of age, pretty and well known though a short resident of this city, was arrested last night in the city of Springfield, ac-  
cused of stealing the articles and the police matron found them all in her possession except the studs and the man's ring.

Nellie or Lenora, with a preference for her own for the last name but a legal right to the first one, was the girl that engaged as a servant in the Cesana house. She was hired through the intelligence office and made claims of being a church-going girl. She didn't go to church Sunday because she had not suitable clothing, her ex-  
cuse to Mrs. Cesana, and remained at the house while the family attended church and afterwards went walking. She improved the opportunity of their absence, got the jewelry and clothing and gave up domestic service.

Officer Walsh never knew of Lenora Sutton, but when he was given a description of the girl, he recognized it to be one well known to him. Cum-  
mings. The officer has duty at the depot regularly and Nellie and her friends came frequently under his eye. Indeed at one time he con-  
sidered it necessary to give the young woman a little advice, a pearl she "rampled under foot and would not run away with."

The officer went straight to the depot after the investigation at the Cesana house and found the girl had bought a ticket for Springfield. The Springfield and Pittsfield officers were notified and the Springfield men were successful. Captain Parrow left this morning for the girl and returned with her this afternoon.

Soon after the description was received by the Springfield police, Officer Donovan of that city telephoned in from the North and that he had seen a woman that looked like the description given. Inspector Boyle started on his wheel for the North end and after considerable searching found a woman whom he thought looked like the description, although the dress was not as stated. He questioned her, charging her with the theft. She denied, but grew confused. The inspector saw that she was wearing a watch, and asked her to hand it over, which she did. He had no description of the watch, but it was as the stolen one, and she yielded and then she took it. Nellie had only been three weeks in North Adams. She came here from Bennington, Vt., and one of the good citizens of North Bennington, Vt. thought it necessary to send a letter of warning concerning her to a well known man of this city. She boarded a while on Center street and her boarding mistress thought she would be better without her than with her and then Nellie found quarters in Porter place. When she left there she took some things that were not hers and there may be more than one charge of larceny.

Caplain Parrow returned on the 2.35 o'clock train with Nellie. On the way here his conversation with the girl had led him to believe he has a picture of her father, Eugene Cummings, a noted house breaker. All of the Cesana property was secured. Nellie was costumed in her recent attire, and she had an umbrella that probably be-  
longed to Mrs. Ringwood, 84 Eagle street. She had a number of articles and the supposed owners of them will be called in to identify them if possible.

Chief Kendall invited Mrs. Purcell of the Brunswick to act as matron in searching the girl.

## Supt. Douglass Resigns.

Henry Douglass has resigned as superintendent of streets and his resignation has been accepted. He had held the appointment since February 1 and the resignation is an outcome of the stalling affray at the Beaver Saturday night, which was reported in this paper Monday, as was also the fact that the trouble would probably lead to his resignation. His successor has not yet been appointed.

No other preparation has ever done so many people so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Great-  
est Medicine.

## MENU.

The ladies of the Universalist church will serve a 15-cent supper Wednesday, October 13, from 5 until 7. Following is the menu:  
Escalloped Potatoes. Beans. Cold Boiled Ham. Jelly. Biscuit. White Bread. Brown Bread. Pickles. Cheese. Tea. Assorted Cake. Coffee. Ice cream 10 cents extra.

Featuring as an Art.

Suloshi Bakari, a young Japanese woman who is spending some time in this country, has started a drug store here. He will probably also occupy one of the flats and the other store and flats will be rented.

Plans for the building have been prepared by Mr. Yost of this city and the work will be done by the day. The brick work will be done by George Harrington and the carpenter work by Mr. Yost. The building will be ready for occupancy next spring and will be a valuable addition to that part of the city.

## THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

Charles P. Davis of Agawam to Oppose  
Judge Lawrence for Congress.

Charles P. Davis of Agawam was nominated yesterday at Holyoke to be the candidate to contest with Judge Lawrence of this city for the first congressional district's place in congress. There were about 25 delegates present at the convention. James J. Dunn called the meeting to order and John F. Sheehan was chosen chairman and James O'Shea secretary. J. J. Sullivan then placed in nomination the name of Mr. Davis, after stating that the other men whose names had been proposed had withdrawn one after another. J. H. Mack of North Adams, who was the latest man mentioned kindly stepped to one side and left the field clear for Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis was invited to address the convention and he was escorted to the platform by Messrs O'Donnell and Sullivan. He then delivered a vigorous speech and was followed by ex-Senator W. P. Buckley, who introduced a motion that the convention, reaffirm the Chicago platform, which was carried unanimously. These men were chosen as the district committee for the year 1898-9. James J. Dunn of Holyoke, F. J. Lawlor of Greenfield, J. H. Mack of North Adams, E. M. Learned of Pittsfield and James B. Bryan of Westfield.

Charles P. Davis, the nominee, was born in Woburn in 1858 and received his education in the schools of that town. Early in life he engaged in newspaper work and for a time was an editorial writer on the Boston Globe. In 1887 Mr. Davis married Miss Porter, daughter of the late Harvey Porter of Agawam, and a few years later took up his residence in that town, where he is engaged in farming and in literary work. In 1896 he was nominated for the legislature in the 2d Hampden district, but was defeated in the republican landslide of that year. He is now a member of the school committee of the town of Agawam.

Mr. Davis made a strong speech of acceptance, entirely faithful to the Chicago platform and true to the recent platform declarations on "Algeria" and imperialism. He is a silver man, an anti-Algeria man and a pronounced defender of the Monroe doctrine.

## THE COUNTY BAPTISTS.

Instructive Program for Annual Meeting Tomorrow and Thursday

The Berkshire Baptist association will hold its annual meeting tomorrow and Thursday at Morningside Baptist church at Pittsfield. The program arranged is:

Wednesday, 8.30 a. m., devotional service, Rev. M. G. Coker, Dalton, 10 election of moderator and clerk; prayer; report of executive committee; address of welcome, Rev. James Grant of Pittsfield; response, moderator; 10.30, letters from the churches; 11.30, business; invitation to visiting brethren; welcome to new churches; pastors, etc.; appointment of committees; 11.45, annual sermon, Rev. George E. Whitehouse of Cheshire; 2 p. m., women's foreign mission society; junior work, Miss Ruth Clark of Pittsfield; consecration, Bella Taylor of this city; address, Mrs. Mary G. Wafford of Boston; 2.45, women's home mission society; junior work, Mrs. H. Griffin of Pittsfield; address, Mrs. James McWinnie of Boston; 3.30, denominational interests; publication society, Rev. Dr. C. H. Spaulding of Boston and others expected. 4.30, present problems in the churches of Berkshire organization; (1) "Problem of church combination," Rev. J. D. Pope of Lee; (2) "Problem of church extension," Rev. H. S. Johnson of Pittsfield; Bible school session, 7.30, song service, J. M. Canedy of North Adams, devotional service, Rev. A. D. Barter of Savoy; 7.55, organization, secretary's report; 8.10, C. W. Dennett of North Adams; 8.25, address, "The teacher's sphere and the teacher's atmosphere," Rev. Dr. J. F. Elder of Albany, N. Y.

Thursday—9 a. m., devotional service, Rev. Henry Schwab of Becket, 9.30 committee reports; reports of the treasurer of Berkshire Baptist association, report of messengers; 10.30, circular letter, historical sketch of the association, Rev. H. B. Foskett of Adams, 11.00, denominational interests, Newton seminary, Rev. C. A. Reese of Newton Center; state Sunday school association, W. W. Main of Boston; state convention, Rev. W. H. Eaton of Boston, Young People's session, 2 p. m., "Hours of preparation," Rev. George E. Whitehouse of Cheshire; 3.00, organization, reports of secretary and treasurer; 3.10, roll call, reports from societies and unions; 4.00, address, Rev. George Powell Perry of Troy, N. Y.

## C. G. Bartlett to Build.

Druggist C. G. Bartlett, who recently bought the Peter Miller property at the corner of Spring street and Washington avenue, has decided to build a brick block there. The old house is now being taken down and work on the block will begin as soon as the ground is cleared. The block will be 40 by 67 feet and three stories high, and will contain two stores and four flats. The building will have a handsome front and the interior will be finished in the most approved method and contain all modern improvements, including electric lights and steam heat. Mr. Bartlett will occupy one of the stores, either moving his drug store business from Main street or opening a branch drug store here. He will probably also occupy one of the flats and the other store and flats will be rented.

Plans for the building have been prepared by Mr. Yost of this city and the work will be done by the day. The brick work will be done by George Harrington and the carpenter work by Mr. Yost. The building will be ready for occupancy next spring and will be a valuable addition to that part of the city.

## Wounded in Three Places.

A letter has been received from Inspector Arthur M. Tinker. He writes that he was wounded in three places, in the left leg twice and once in the right arm. The wounds were not serious and he was so taxed with the duties of his office that he had no time to write at length. He says the Indian trouble is far from an end.

## THE WETTERBY TRAGEDY.

The Commodore's Body Not Yet Recovered. Two Bodies Found.

The body of Commodore Weatherby, who was drowned in the yachting accident on the Hudson, has not been found. But the bodies of Stephen Mallory, confidential book-keeper for Crumby Bolton, and Miss Lizzie Savage, daughter of Ralph Savage of Waterford, who were drowned from the steam yacht were found last night at a point a short distance above the state dam.

A brother of Stephen Mallory, one of those who perished, arrived in Troy from Canada Saturday and accompanied by E. W. Millard, and C. H. Merrill, went up the river Saturday afternoon on the yacht Grace Corey, and while dragging for the bodies their grappling irons came in contact with some heavy substance, which it was thought was the boiler of the yacht.

Sunday the searching was continued and it was learned that the boiler was not in the place where the party had supposed it was. It has not been found, nor any other portion of the yacht, except the hull, which was found Thursday opposite Lagoon Island. Commodore Weatherby's gold watch, his Masonic chain and other valuables, were found in his locker at the Troy Yacht club Saturday by the Commodore's partner, James C. Wilbur, and turned over to Mrs. Weatherby.

The body of a well-dressed woman was seen floating down the river at the foot of Quay street, Albany, Saturday at 12.45 o'clock in the afternoon by Bert Bailey, of the firm of C. A. Bailey & Co. There was no boat at hand with oars at the time, and it was some time before pursuit was taken up. Thomas Breslin was informed of the discovery and went to Albany in a boat to search for the body, as it was thought it might be that of one of the women who perished from the yacht. The body has not been found yet.

Coroner DeFreest was notified Saturday night that some boards and clothing, which it was believed might be connected with the Weatherby case, had been found near the Laureate club house. Upon investigation the coroner thought it possible that a small board might have belonged to the yacht. The clothing proved to be a pair of old shoes which could not be connected with the accident in any way. Yesterday the searchers worked near Lansing's grove, where it was hoped some trace of the bodies might be found. The fact that some clothing of Mr. Weatherby was found in his locker at the Yacht club house was not deemed important, as he rarely went out in his yacht without changing some of his garments.

The Weatherby yacht, which was given to Robert Murray of the Powder Springs House, was the object of much curiosity yesterday, as it lay in front of Mr. Murray's place. Hundreds of people from Albany and other points along the river visited the Powder springs to get a glimpse of the yacht that carried the four persons to their death. Several men attempted to break pieces of the boat for souvenirs, when Mr. Murray objected, and the men still persisting in obtaining a piece of the boat, a struggle ensued and the relic hunters were badly handled.

## News of the Theaters.

The "Geisha" from Daly's New York theater, the comic opera success, forms a bright and agreeable entertainment from beginning to end. Its well written dialogue is humorous and clever; the lyrics good and the music is sparkling and melodious. Japanese in construction, the story shows that the singing and dancing girls at the "Tea House of Ten Thousand Joys" entertain visitors over there just as their sisters entertain visitors in other countries. Unlike many of the extravaganzas or musical comedies there is a pretty and coherent story running through the play, which is shown in two acts, the first being the "Tea House of Ten Thousand Joys"; the second, a Chrysanthemum Fete in the Palace Gardens.

A most important feature of the entertainment is the scenery and the dresses. The first scene representing a tea house is pretty, but it is out-borne by the rich chrysanthemum blooms in the palace gardens, which harmonize in charming manner with the dresses of "The Geisha." The chorus effects are good and the singing is of high class. "The Geisha" is at Columbia theater Thursday.

## Considering Probabilities.

The latest rumor concerning the political situation is to the effect that in the event that Sheriff Miller is defeated, which would mean a clean sweep of deputies, Orlando S. Fish is to be pushed forward as a candidate for assistant postmaster, a position he filled acceptably for four years. It is expected that by the first of July the postoffice at Pittsfield will be placed among those of the first class, and this means that salaries will be increased in every department. The present incumbent has proved to be one of the best officials the city ever had, and many of the best citizens of Pittsfield will object to his removal. Pittsfield news in Republican.

## Mrs. Martha Moore Avery.

Mrs. Martha Moore Avery of Boston, a noted socialist lecturer, addressed a good-sized audience in Columbia opera house last night. Mrs. Avery is an able exponent of the socialist propaganda and last night pictured briefly the cruelties of the competitive system and set forth strongly the advantages of the co-operative commonwealth. She is a close thinker and good reasoner, always setting out her opinions in logical process, and draws striking conclusions from masses of facts. She will lecture tonight at Adams.

## Elected Officers.

The Young Men's Hebrew association, in the name of a new social club recently formed in this city, and the following officers have been elected: President, A. Rudnick; vice president, I. Herch; secretary, L. Frish; treasurer, J. Abraham; trustee, M. Greenburg. New rooms will shortly be leased and furnished, and a social and dance given.

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